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As a blood purifier and tonic. It cures me of stomach trouble and flutters of the heart, and

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waterbrash and that  
Tired Feeling. We  
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on the table every meal the same as bread.  
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THE GREAT KIDNEY, LIVER AND BLADDER CURE.  
Dissolves Gravel.  
Bright's Disease.  
Liver Complaint.  
Catarrh of the Bladder.

Gall stone, brick dust in urine, pain in urethra, straining after urination, pain in the back and hips, sudden stoppage of water with pressure.

**Bright's Disease.**  
Tube casts in urine, scanty urine, Swamp-Root cures urinary troubles and kidney difficulties.

**Liver Complaint.**  
Torpid or enlarged liver, foul breath, biliousness, bilious headache, poor digestion, gout.

**Catarrh of the Bladder.**  
Inflammation, irritation, ulceration, dribbling, frequent calls, pus blood, mucus or pus.

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"Invaluable Guide to Health" free—Consultation free.  
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Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell, Heals the Sores.

**Child Birth Made Easy**  
Sealed particulars free. E. C. Sebe-ward, Mich.

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Because, we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee the value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profit. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.  
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

**CONSUMPTION**

## GRANDMA.

A stitch always dropping in the everlasting knitting. And the needles that I threaded, no, you couldn't count to-day.

And I've waited for the lesson till I thought my head was splitting. When there upon her forehead as calm as clock-face lay.

I've read to her till I was hoarse, the Psalms and the Epistles. When the other boys were burning tar-bread down the street.

And I've waited and I read my verses when I heard their wild whistles. And I've stayed and said my chapter with fire in both my feet.

And I've had to walk beside her—when she went to evening meeting, to be hickin', to be off.

And I've waited while she gave the folks a word or two of comfort. First on one foot and the other, and 'most strangled with a cough.

"You can talk of Yarn 'America,' I say, 'till you are scarier. It's Old America that has the inside of the truth."

Then she raps me with her thimble and calls me a young rascal. And then she looks so woe-begone I have to take it back.

But! There always is a peppermint or a penny in her pocket. There never was a pocket that was half so full and deep.

And she let me sit in my room burn away down to the socket. While she stood and rattles round about till I am sound asleep.

There's always somebody at home when every one is scattered. She spread the jam upon your bread in a way to make you roe.

She always takes a fellow's side when every one is battering. And when I fear my jacket I know just where to go.

And when I've been in swimmin' after father and mother has her slipper off according to the rule.

It's always sweet as silver, the voice that says "I wouldn't." The boy that won't swimmin'; such a day would be a fool.

Sometimes there's something in her voice as if she gave a hies-ting. And I look at her a moment and I keep still as a mouse.

And she let me by this time there is no need of guessin'. For there's nothing like a grandmother to have about the house.

—Harriet Prescott Spofford.

**MY JO, JOHN.**  
BY HELEN E. MATHERS.

**CHAPTER XIV—CONTINUED.**  
"John," said the poor woman, a moan breaking from the very depths of her heart, "where are you? Tom, Tom, we must go at once and find him!"

"Fletcher and I have been looking for weeks," said Tom gravely. "We have been to Scotland Yard, and everything short of advertising him has been done. He would never forgive us for doing that, if—if—" Tom hesitated, "he is alive."

"Oh, my God!" cried Mary, like a wild thing. "It was all my doing. Mine—mine! He was ruined, and I behaved like a brute to him, and he thought I knew it, and that was why I left him!"

"I am afraid that was so," said Tom sadly. "Mr. Goldsworthy dropped a word or two to that effect, and you know how proud the old dad was—he could never have borne to live upon a woman."

"Only that woman was his wife," said Mary, in agony. "I begin to understand now—and his letter. O! blind, blind!"

She threw herself face downwards on the couch, trembling as if with ague, and Tom tried to soothe her. "Homeless, hungry, alone!" she said "while I—"

"Mother," said Tom, almost sternly, "you were not to blame. He did not tell you, and how were you to know? And his position with regard to Lady Blanche was equivocal enough to make any wife angry. Beasts!" he ejaculated with extraordinary vigour.

"Who?" said Mary, lifting her pale face. "Her! She! That woman. I went up to the North to see her. She denied herself to me. I insisted. She declined. I sat in the hall six hours, and wore her patience out at last. She told me insolently that she knew nothing whatever of my father's movements."

"Tom," said Mary, "What had she got on?"

"I don't know the color, but next to nothing, as it was dinner time."

"And do you think her so handsome?"

"I think her a painted devil. Well, she swore she hadn't seen or heard from father since August, when he spent a few days at the castle. She scarcely hid her scorn of him as a broken-down gentleman, who had bored her to extinction, and said insolently that father had been impertinent enough to associate her with his separation from his wife, and she had never been mixed up in affairs of that kind, and did not mean to be now."

"So his cozy corner was made cold to him," said Mary almost unconsciously.

"Yes—Fletcher thinks he's got a clue, and he's following it up like a bull dog. And Martha's helping him," he added, with a rueful attempt at a laugh.

"A clue?" said Mary, catching her breath, "and when will you know if it's a true one—to-night?"

"I hope so—but I doubt it."

Mary's face was turned toward the window, the blackness of which reflected the low couches, the flowers and the pictures in the room, reflected also Tom's figure and hers, as they stood together.

As she looked, something seemed to come between them, and she gripped Tom's arm, pointing with her other to the window.

"There's someone outside," she said, in a voice entirely unlike her own, and in a second had dashed forward and was tearing at the wood and glass to get it open.

"John!" she said, springing out into the dark after a dark something that eluded her.

"John."

No man could have resisted such a cry, and the figure came back, a thing in rags, and stood before her the veriest scarecrow that ever appeared in a lady's presence.

"Ma'am," it said imploringly. It was Fletcher.

Mary laughed with a laughter more dreadful than any tears. She seized him by the arm and dragged him into the warm, fragrant room, and demanded of him his news.

"He is alive, ma'am," Fletcher said solemnly, "and he is well."

"Thank God! Thank God!" and Mary's gasp relaxed and she stood alone. "Tell me quick. Where is he?"

Fletcher shook his head. He was like the wraith of his respectable self, and yet he held his head up, and was his very self still in all but appearance.

"That I have not found out yet, ma'am," he said, "but I know the neighborhood he is in, and expect to find the house to-night or to-morrow."

Mary uttered a low moan of intense disappointment, much as a starving creature may to whose lips bread is approached only to be snatched away.

"You followed up that clue we got yesterday?" said Tom swiftly.

"Yes, Mister Tom. And last night about 7 o'clock, what seemed to be 'about his dinner time, poor soul! I saw him outside a dried-fish shop, looking in and considering what he'd buy, and at last he bought two bladders for a penny—bladders for dinner, Master Tom—bladders!"

The woman treated him as if he was a prince and wrapped them up very carefully and he put them in his pocket and went on."

"Was he—was he wrapped up?" said Mary, thinking of the sharp frost of those early November nights.

"Not much," said Fletcher, hesitatingly, "but he was tidy, no rags, ma'am, and clean linen—you know he never forgot that if he did everything else, but his hat and boots were very shabby, and he walked a bit bowed like, as if he'd been sitting over his books a good while."

"Go on," said Mary, almost fiercely.

Presently he stopped at a book-shop—seems wonderful-like they should have book-shops in White-chapel—and he stops, and he takes up first one, then another, lovingly, just as ladies take up their favorite flowers, and he fidgets about a bit, and he feels in his pockets and his face brightens up, and in he goes, and without any haggling, for he never could haggle, he buys a book for sixpence, and comes out with it, looking almost happy."

O! that 'almost!' Mary winced again.

"Come, hurry up," said Tom impatiently.

"And then he goes on again, into worse and worse neighborhoods, that I wouldn't have dared to tread on my own account, less I'd been in rags, and I see people nudging one another to look at him, for you don't see many gentlemen in those parts. But he'd no watch—there was nothing to steal, and he'd that look in his face that the smallest child 'ud trust, and I knew he was safe enough so I just followed on, and it seemed to me that he was going to stop at the mouth of a low alley, when he turned sharp around and saw me."

Fletcher drew a deep breath, and an expression of acute pain crossed his face.

"Before I could so much as speak, he waved me off quite wild-like. If he wasn't such an abominable gentleman, you'd have thought he'd been drinking, and Fletcher," he says, "I never sent for you—how dare you come spying after me?"

"I bagged and implored him to listen to me, but he didn't seem to hear, only says, 'Go home, and don't let me catch you here again! What business have you in those rags? Remember I left your mistress in your care, and I expect to be obeyed.' There was that flash in his eye, so I just turned and went away, and then I made some inquiries—they took me a long time—but I'm pretty well sure I've found out the court he's in—Slum court it's called—and I'm going into every house in it, on one pretext or another, to-night. And now I must be going, as it's getting late."

Mary was calmer now, with a profound feeling that she might be happy, perhaps, by-and-by.

"Tom," she said turning to him, "take me up to town at once, somewhere that Fletcher can come to and tell us if he is found to-night."

"I will," said Fletcher promptly, and was shortly recognized and welcomed by Maydy, who like most animals was not to be confused in a personality by a mere change of clothes.

"You must eat something first, mother," said Tom as they crossed the hall to the dining room, where the table was already spread for dinner, delicately bright with its glass and silver, and the autumn leaves that made a crimson wreath round the candelabra with its white shades.

"I am not hungry," said Mary, looking straight before her, and seeing instead a bare board, with a crust and a bit of dried fish upon it. "I have eaten too much and too long. I have eaten right through the time that he has starved!"

She rang the bell and Polly came in.

"I am going to town for a few days," she said, "put me up a hand-bag and a change of linen—quick."

The pony carriage came round as if of its own accord just as the bag was ready. On going out Maydy was discovered in sole possession, and Polly stared at mother and son drove away.

But outside the gate, a scarecrow jumped up behind, and went all the way as far as the railway station, where it once more miraculously disappeared.

"Fletcher," said Mary, turning her head once, "where is Martha?"

"In Whitechapel, ma'am, in a decent lodging, and very comfortable she has made it. She sent you her duty, and was sorry to be away so long."

Mary smiled into Tom's face in the dark, and Tom grinned back.

**CHAPTER XV.**  
The tallow candle wanted snuffing and John Anderson stretched his hand out for the snuffers.

There were none, and he went on reading with difficulty, the light was so bad. But he persevered, perhaps because the page was so much pleasanter to look upon than the squalid room, with its dirty, unwashed floor, its bulging, discolored walls, and a dismal ceiling that his head almost touched when he stood upright.

A pallet, on which the linen was clean, a tub, a portmanteau that had seen better days, a jug and a basin, a saucepan, frying-pan and soot-kettle, with the chair and rude table at which he sat, completed the furniture of the room. This being almost at the top of the house, no blind was required, and indeed the blackness of the night made one, though through the obscure glass no diamond points of starlight could shine. It was close on midnight, but the miserable place was alive with shouts and voices, and heavy steps that stumbled and pounded on the crazy stairs. The only quiet spot in it was this little room up stairs, and John's privacy was not likely to be invaded, for, no matter what orgies or rows might be going forward, it was an understood thing that the "gentleman" was not to be disturbed."

So that he had no occasion to lock his door, and when presently it opened, he did not look up, supposing it would close again when the intruder discovered his mistake.

But the steps came right up to the table where he sat, and a loving young voice cried: "Dad!" and then choked as the tall, bent figure sprang up, and the two stood face to face.

"Father," said Tom, all the color in his handsome young face, and tears in his eyes. "Oh! father, how could you?"

For a moment John's heart leaped, and the warmth of that young blood coursed through his veins as they gripped hands, then he drew himself up and said proudly:

"And why are you here, Tom?"

"Why?" said poor Tom. "Did you think that because you deserted us, we were going to desert you?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**Nothing Unveiled Among the Alps.**  
To-day, when every great peak has been thoroughly explored, when famous climbers have achieved the most difficult summits alone, or at least without professional guides, but few remain the mere ascent of which confers any brevet of distinction in this field of athletics. As in all professions, and in all sports which boast semi-professional experts, the standard has been raised. In order to take a high rank, or to "make a record," the aspirants for the honors of the Alpine club must traverse such peaks as the Matterhorn and descend on the opposite side, or across the Dom du Michabel, the highest peak on Swiss soil, which presents little difficulty until one descends the steep rock face above Saas. There are still a few summits left which are admitted to be somewhat "tough," and one of the most successful enthusiasts in the matter of rock peaks has recently given his verdict in favor of Chamouny as a happy hunting ground.—Scribner's Magazine.

**Musical Intelligences.**  
Graft Old Gent, to dudd—How's your sister coming on? I haven't seen her for a long time.

Dude—Why, she is in Italy. She took the prize at the conservatory of music in Rome.

"Did she go to Italy to learn to play the piano?"

"Yeth, s.r."

"Well, if she did that the Americans ought to give her another prize."—Texas Sittings.

**Coffin Wood Is Mined.**  
Trees from which coffin wood is taken in Tongkin are mined instead of being taken from the living forest. They are found buried under a sandy soil.

## AN AID TO MILKING.

The Collector's Advice to His Father Which Resulted Disastrously.

A college student in one of our Western states had returned home after his course was finished to find that his father, a clergyman with a small salary, was eking out his living by running a small farm. One of the adjuncts of the farm was a cow, a pretty good animal, which, however, had a strong aversion to being milked.

Here was an opportunity for a display of the lately acquired knowledge of the juvenile collegian, says the Voice.

"Father," said he, "Professor G— says if one will place a weight upon a cow's back it will make her give down the milk."

The reverend gentleman, favorably impressed with this information that his son had learned from Professor G—, decided to try the simple remedy. Instead, however, of placing a weight upon the cow's back, the clergyman placed himself upon it. But then he answered the purpose. The cow, however, was still obstinate.

"Tie my legs under the cow," said the father to his son.

The son did so. But the cow, unused to such unusual and arbitrary proceedings, manifested her displeasure by rearing and plunging, entirely unmindful of the dignity of the personage astride her spinal column. It was getting altogether too interesting for the two bipeds concerned in the transaction.

"Cut the rope! Cut the rope!" shouted Mr. V— to his dutiful son, meaning the rope by which he was attached to the cow.

But the son, being somewhat excited, cut the rope by which the cow was fastened to the stallion. At once availing herself of the liberty thus offered, the cow took an unceremonious exit from the stable, and down the street she went. The minister accompanied the cow, but in a manner not exactly befitting the dignity of his profession.

As it happened, one of the sisters of the congregation was on the street as the race was in progress. Surprised at such a sight the good sister cried out: "Why, Brother V—, where are you going?"

His sense of the ludicrous coming to his aid, Brother V— shouted back: "The Lord and the cow only know, I don't!"

The clergyman was eventually rescued from his awkward perch, and never attempted the feat again.

**HE JERKED HIS HEAD.**  
How a Florida Groom Responded to the Interrogatories of the Notary.

It was a bashful young couple that appeared at the office of the county judge and applied for a marriage license, says the Florida Times-Union.

The usual questions as to age, etc., were asked by Mr. Summers, the obliging clerk, and upon being answered in a satisfactory manner they were furnished with the document required to perfect their happiness.

The groom then asked Mr. Summers, who is a notary public, if he would marry them, to which he replied that he would. Mr. Summers, seeing the bashfulness of the young couple, with great thoughtfulness shut the door and locked it, but he was not quick enough to keep out the reporter, who had "caught on to" the affair. The couple ranged themselves up in front of the railing and Mr. Summers commenced the ceremony. While he was going through the form the groom looked at the bride, who would drop her eyes, and then both would smile and give each other a slight pressure of the hand.

When Mr. Summers arrived at that part of the ceremony where the groom is asked if he will take the bride for better, for worse, etc., he looked at the bride, gave a little grin and then looking at Mr. Summers gave a couple of quick jerks of the head. "You must say, 'I will,'" said Mr. Summers, and after looking at the bride again the groom ejaculated the necessary sentence. The bride was more prompt with her answer and the ceremony proceeded without further incident.

Mr. Summers then gave them a certificate of marriage and the pair went out of the office swinging hands and "looking words of love."

**An Explanation.**  
Mrs. Hasdust—That Mrs. Upper-crust called to-day and left her card with "P. P. C.," marked on the corner. I wonder what it means.

Mrs. Rollinginwealth—Oh, I believe she is going out of the city and she wants you to know that she is going to travel in a Pullman palace car. The vulgarity of some folks is just terrible!

**A Modern One.**  
Snip—I don't like that girl. She's always giving a fellow taffy.

Clip—Regular made of Orleans, isn't she?

## HUMAN SACRIFICES IN RUSSIA.

Vain Attempts to Abolish Such Savagery—Revelations of a Newspaper.

It is probably known to few people that the practice of sacrificing human lives under certain conditions still exists in parts of the empire of Russia. The government and the orthodox church have attempted in vain to stop the inhuman practice, but up to the present time they have been unsuccessful.

Revelations regarding the custom were made in recent issues of the Gazette of Yakootsk, Siberia. It prevails among a sect known as the "Tshuk-shen," not far from that city. Old people past the biblical limit as to age, and sick ones, tired of life, offer themselves as the sacrifices. When a "Tshukshen" decides to "offer himself up," he sends word to all his relatives, friends and neighbors, who visit him and try to persuade him to change his intentions.

But prayers, upbraiding, threats are useless in such a case, and the fanatic prepares for his end. The friends and relatives leave his house and return in ten to fifteen days, bringing the death candidate white clothing and several weapons with which he is supposed to defend himself in the other world against evil spirits and shoot reindeer.

After completing his death toilet the candidate takes his place in a corner of his house or hut. About him gather his relatives, who offer him the choice of three instruments of death, a knife, a spear, and a rope. If he chooses the knife, two friends hold his arms while a third plunges the blade into his breast. Practically the same thing is done if he decides to die by the spear. When he prefers the rope two of those present place it about his neck and strangle him to death. A cut is then made in the breast to let the blood flow out. All those present sprinkle their hands and faces with the blood, believing that it will preserve them from evil and bring them fortune.

The body, after the ceremony is placed on a sled, which is drawn by a reindeer, to the "cremation hill," near the village. The neck of the animal is cut at once upon arrival at the place. The body is stripped of clothing, which is then cut in small pieces and placed on the altar with the man or woman. During the cremation the "mourners" utter prayers to the spirits, begging them to watch over those mortals still left on the earth. This custom has been followed by the sect for centuries.

**A Pointed Analogy.**  
A young man of this city has attracted some attention among his acquaintances by his frugal habits—to describe them by a gentler word than is employed by his less considerate critics. One of his friends undertook to convince him that his view of life was mistaken.

"You are wasting your time and energy in the pursuit of a mere shadow. You ought to enjoy life."

"But I do enjoy life," insisted the thrifty youth.

"Not as you could. You are wasting golden moments on the apprehensions of the future. This talk about putting something by for a rainy day is all nonsense."

"Don't you believe it," was the earnest rejoinder. "That's what Noah's neighbors used to say when he was building the ark."—Washington Star.

**Lamp Shades.**  
An English electrical firm is introducing some striking novelties in electric lamp shades. These shades are made of a specially selected description of natural feathers, dyed in choice tints, and arranged in artistic shapes and combinations of color. Among other beautiful designs of shades for floor and table lamps are the representations of various kinds of flowers, made separately and grouped together on skeleton frames. The result is an entire departure from the hackneyed style of silk and lace shades now in vogue. The general construction of the shades is protected by a patent, and every design is registered. It is a noteworthy fact that the designer of nearly all the patterns is a young woman, who derives an excellent income from her work.

**Doting Parent—Mildred, I don't like to see you moping about the house as if you had lost all ambition. Rouse yourself. Now I know that all you want is will power, and—**

**Indignant Daughter—Will Power? Mamma, I don't care two straws for him!**

**Speed of a Shot.**  
According to an observer it took ten seconds for an 180-pound shot to reach a target two miles and one-half from the gun, charge not stated. This is an average velocity of 1,320 feet per second.

# Consumption

was formerly pronounced incurable. Now it is not. In all of the early stages of the disease

## Scott's Emulsion

will effect a cure quicker than any other known specific. Scott's Emulsion promotes the making of healthy lung-tissue, relieves inflammation, overcomes the excessive waste of the disease and gives vital strength.

For Coughs, Colds, Weak Lungs, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Consumption, Scrofula, Anemia, Loss of Flesh and Wasting Diseases of Children.

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